

Mr. Baby

The Fatima Mansions

See the priest in gleaming nappies
Gurgling and burping child at play
Signing warrants, blessing firing squads
are the pleasures of this baby's day

In a street where broken buildings fall
on burning people ten feet tall
on stockinged knees, not all, not all
Just those who fight in bonfire light
In spite of all the crowds who call
Their hero, a goldfish jockey
Their hero remains Mr. Baby

Mr. Baby spills it by the ton
He wraps his mouth around his gun
He says,